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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

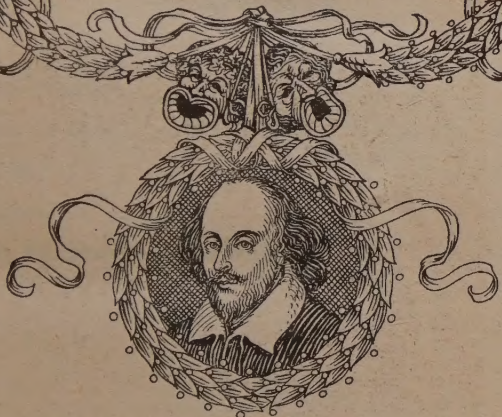
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

M. AGANO, PINXT.

Hubert and Arthur.

SHAKESPEARE

THE LIFE & DEATH OF KING JOHN



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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

KING JOHN.—With this play of pathos and patriotism we open Shakspere's Second Period,—looking on *Richard II.* as the last play in which ryme plays a prominent part, we take the series of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* as the transition to the Second Period;—and on opening it we are struck with a greater fulness of characterisation and power than we saw in the First-Period plays. But the whole work of Shakspere is continuous. *King John* is very closely linkt with *Richard III.* In both plays we have cruel uncles planning their nephews' murder, because the boys stand between them and the Crown. In both we have distracted mothers overwhelmd with grief. In both we have prophecies of ruin and curses on the murderers, and in both the fulfilment of these. In both we have the kingdom divided against itself, and the horrors of civil war. In both we have the same lesson of the danger of division taught to the discontented English parties of Shakspere's own day. *Richard III.* is an example of the misgovernment of a cruel tyrant; *King John* of the misgovernment of a selfish coward.

But in *John* we have the mother's pathetic lament for her child far developt above that of Queen Elizabeth's for her murderd innocents, and far more touching than the laments of Queen Margaret and the Duchess of York, while the pathos of the stifled children's death is heightend in that of Arthur. The temptation scene of John and Hubert repeats that of Richard and Tyrrel. The Bastard's statement of his motives "Gain, be my lord," &c., is like that of Richard the Third's about his villainy. (The Bastard's speech on commodity may be compared with Lucrece's reproaches to opportunity.) Besides the boy's pleading for his life, besides his piteous death and the mother's cry for him, which comes home to every parent who has lost a child, we have in the play the spirit of Elizabethan England's defiance to the foreigner [1] and the Pope.

King John is founded on the old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1591.[2] Shakspere deserts

[1] "The great lesson taught in the last lines of the play should be more brought out. King, nobles, claimant, all lean on foreign help, and all find it a broken reed which pierces their hands."—C. Hargrove. Besides the passage usually cited from Andrew Boorde for these last lines, he has another nearer to Shakspere's words: "I think if all the world were set against England, it might neuer be conquered, they beyng treue within them selfe."—1542 (pr. 1547). *Introduction*, p. 164 of my edn., 1870.

[2] Our *King John* is the old play re-written. The two *must* be read together and compared, to see what genius makes out of ordinary work. The extreme Protestant tone of the old play is much modified by Shakspere. And as Prof. Delius notices (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1875-6, Part II.), Shakspere only tells certain incidents that the old play acts, as Falconbridge ransacking the churches, arresting Peter of Pomfret on the stage; John's meal and poisoning, the death of the monk who poisons him, and Falconbridge's stabbing the abbot. Falconbridge's soliloquies are new too. On the many variations from history in *King John*, see T. P. Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspere*, two vols., Colburn, 1840, a book indispensable to the student of these plays. The old *Troublesome Raigne* of 1591 was edited by me (F. J. F.) for Chatto's "Shakespeare

the Chronicles without precisely following the old play in eight chief political points,—as shown by Mr. R. Simpson in the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 398,—in order to bring the play closer home to his hearers, and the circumstances of his time, the disputed succession of Elizabeth, and the interference of Spain and the Pope. The old play-writer made the murder of Arthur, as Mr. Lloyd has noticed,[1] the turning-point between the high-spirited success of John at first and his dejection and disgrace at last; and he, too, fixt on the assertion of national independence against invading Frenchmen and encroaching ecclesiastics as the true principle of dramatic action of John's time. So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followd from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder

Classics," in 1908, and was reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakespere's Library*, Part II., vol. i. p. 221. Students should consult Boswell Stone's complete analysis of the play in his *Shakespeare's Holinshed*, 1907, where sources are given for the whole of the plot, and the relation to history is thoroughly workt out. See also Mr. E. Roe's paper in *Macmillan's Mag.*, 1878, and the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.* on the dramatic skill with which Shakspere's alteration of the old play was made.

[1] *Critical Essays*, G. Bell and Sons, 1875.

John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism.[1] But Shakspere, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove.

The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backt by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like, depreciates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspere's power of creating situations, which he had possesst from the first. Of the situation in Act III. sc. i. Mrs. Jameson says in her *Characteristics of Women*, ed. 1870, pp. 356, 357 :—"And what a situation! One more magnificent was never placed before the mind's eye than that of Constance, when, deserted and betrayd, she stands alone in her despair, amid her false friends and her ruthless enemies! The image of the mother-eagle, wounded and bleeding to death, yet stretcht over her young in an attitude of defiance, while all the baser birds of prey are clamouring around her eyry, gives but a faint idea of the moral sublimity of this scene. Considerd merely as a poetical or

[1] "No, but for his enmity to, and robbery of the monks." See Hazlitt's *Shaks. Libr.*, Pt. II. vol. i., pp. 309-11."—C. Hargrove. I meant to include these as anti-Papal acts.

dramatic picture, the grouping is wonderfully fine: on one side, the vulture ambition of that mean-sould tyrant, John; on the other, the selfish, calculating policy of Philip; between them, balancing their passions in his hand, the cold, subtle, heartless Legate; the fiery, reckless Falconbridge; the princely Louis; the still unconquerd spirit of that wrangling Queen, old Elinor; the bridal loveliness and modesty of Blanche; the boyish grace and innocence of young Arthur; and Constance in the midst of them, in all the state of her great grief, a grand impersonation of pride and passion, helpless at once and desperate, form an assemblage of figures, each perfect in its kind, and taken all together, not surpasst for the variety, force, and splendour of the dramatic and picturesque effect."

King John is in Meres's list, 1598, and was first printed in the Folio of 1623. It was written probably in 1595. My friend, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, contends for two dates in it: 1594, from its storm imagery; 1596, from its fleet passage, alluding, as he thinks, to the Cadiz expedition of 1596. But in 1595 was Drake and Hawkins's Darien expedition "with a fleet of men of war" (*Toone's Chronol. Hist.*, i.); besides Raleigh's second voyage to America. And Shakspere was in London in Armada time, 1588, and heard all about the fleet then.

His only boy, Hamnet, was buried on August 11, 1596. If the boy was ill long, Constance's laments over Arthur may have been drawn from Shakspere's wife's over her Hamnet.

The play opens soon after the king's first coronation

in May, 1199, and ends with his demise in October, 1216. The dramatic time of *King John* is "seven days, with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months." (P. A. Daniel, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, p. 263.) The seasons in *King John* are not indicated by the plant-references in the text (Ellacombe).

Munro says:—

"*The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, first publisht in 1591, was again issued in 1611 under the name of 'W. Sh.,' and once more in 1622 as the work of 'W. Shakespeare,' probably thro' ignorant confusion with the poet's own work. Its authorship is unknown, and criticism has not succeeded in permanently associating with it the name of any of Shakspere's contemporaries or predecessors. It is not entirely, as Sidney Lee says (a *Life of Wm. Sh.*, 1899, p. 62), 'worthless,' but its standpoint and development, much as Shakspere followd it, are distinct from those of the later play.

"From an allusion in its Prologue to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, *The Troublesome Raigne* has been thought to have been written in 1587–8. Its political tendency, as Mr. Simpson expresses it, was to show the precursorship of John to the reforming messiahship of Henry VIII. It abounds in patriotic rhetoric and animosity towards the papacy,—and naturally, for in 1587 Drake led his fleet to Cadiz and destroyd great part of the stores of Philip, and in 1588 the great Armada saild for England. The national feeling and patriotism evoked by formidable foreign enemies found expression in *The Troublesome Raigne*; the trepidation experi-

enced in consequence of the great political questions of the time,—the legality of Elizabeth's sovereignty, the possibility of foreign intervention and civil war, the loss of national independence,—is dealt with in *King John*, and the true remedies for the immediate problems of the country are there suggested.

"Mr. R. Simpson's theory was that Shakspere, in re-writing *The Troublesome Raigne*, recognising its connexion with past political events, so rearranged and reworded it, in conscious departure from historical accuracy, that he was able to reflect in it the chief political circumstances of his own time, and deduce a moral which provided a solution for the dangers which threatend his country. The eight points discust by Mr. Simpson are:

"1. John as told by Elinor that he must rely on his strong possession, not on his right, in regard to Arthur's claim and his tenure of the crown. (I. i. p. 25.) This refers to the vext question of the succession to the crown in Elizabeth's day.

"2. Elinor tells Constance she can produce a will to bar Arthur's title. So Mary of Scotland had been barrd by the will of Henry VIII.

"3. History is alterd to refine the characters of Constance and Arthur; and their plight suggests parallels with Mary, Catherine Grey or Arabella Stuart.

"4. John's loss of French possessions is accentuated by the exaggeration of the dowry given to Blanche, and this must refer to the loss of Calais by Elizabeth's advisers.

"5. John's persuasion of Hubert to commit the

murder and his subsequent reproach were thought by Warburton and Malone to refer to Davison the blame for Mary's death. In this case, if Hubert is Davison, John is Elizabeth, 'and,' says Simpson, 'it is only wonderful that allusions so plain should have been tolerated.'

"6. The compression of John's wars into two, the first for his title (against Arthur's friends), and the second against papal aggression, point to Elizabeth's two main difficulties, the foreign and partly national question of her right to the throne, and the papal excommunication and enmity leveld against her.

"7. Pandulph's insinuation to Lewis, that he should abstain from hostilities till Arthur's certain death should give him a right to the crown, is paralleld by Philip's delay in his promist intervention for Mary till her death opend a prospect for his daughter the Infanta.

"8. Melun's confession of Lewis's treachery is thought to be like that of Medina Sidonia, who is said to have declard that catholics and heretics were alike his enemies in England, and that he would treat them the same.[1]

"Shakespere's design seems, therefore, to have been to reflect as clearly as possible, the political problems connected with Elizabeth's tenure of the crown. If this contention is true or not, it is evident that the play does express an opinion regarding foreign intervention, and treachery to the nation, at least in some of its incidents.

[1] *The Politics of Shakspere's Historical Plays*, by R. Simpson, B.A. *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 396 *seq.*

"At the outset we see France and Austria fired by a noble zeal, sure of the peace of heaven in that their cause is just, ready to fight for Arthur's rights, and receiving a widow's thanks. They are commissiond by the supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts. The first result of their contention is a battle wherein both they and the English, each party eager to enter Angiers, are triumphant. Then comes the first application of that 'Policy,' or 'tickling commodity' which (like Policy in the play of *Respublica*, really named 'Avarice') is only another name for selfish artfulness. The Bastard, a confest, but humorous, villain, advocates the cessation of hostilities and the temporary joint direction of forces against the city. Policy or Commodity is triumphant. There is no suggestion that the powers foresaw any solution of the problem before them; the noble zeal and just cause of the French are forgotten. But the citizens have a policy, too. They suggest, as a means of reconciling France and England, that Blanche, niece of John and grand-daughter of Elinor, should wed Lewis, son of Philip. The two kings are silent; only the loquacious Bastard and the shrewd Elinor have words for the occasion. Finally the match is arranged, the dowry agreed on, and the city gates are opend for the mingled hosts. But what of Constance and Arthur? Constance is absent; and at the last minute Philip remembers his mission:—

> "'In her right we came,
> Which we, God knows, have turnd another way,
> To our own vantage.'

"John, to save his kingdom, has given away French

lands, to propitiate Constance will give away some paltry titles; Philip and Lewis have forgotten their oath, and have made friends with their sworn enemy.

"In the midst of Constance's imprecations against the perjurd kings, Pandulph, the papal legate, enters with his malediction against John. John is a heretic: he spurns the church and defies the pope: the consequence is excommunication,—and this again for Commodity. The aspect of affairs is now completely changed. No man may befriend John or remain his ally. What will France do, but lately united to England? Constance begs with Rome (for Arthur's sake); Blanche begs for the maintenance of amity (for her own); but the inevitable happens, Policy is observd, and Philip secedes from his alliance.

"The result is battle: England is triumphant; Austria is slain by his sardonic foe, the Bastard; and Arthur is capturd. John's stumbling-block is now in his hands: he has not hesitated to draw sword to defend 'his strong possession'; he does not hesitate to provoke his servant, Hubert, by insinuation, to kill his captive. Pandulph has foreseen this, and advocates to Lewis the policy of waiting his chance, after the death of Arthur, to win the English nobility and the crown. John's policy proves to be false: the revolt of the nobles demonstrates to him the unpopularity of his actions, and he wishes undone what once seemd commodity to do. Constance is dead, and cannot longer urge the claims of her son, and it is Arthur, alive and not deceast, who must keep the coward on his throne.

"Thus John's desire for Arthur's safety comes, not

from any motive of gentleness or mercy, but again from selfishness; but it came too late. John was incapable of repentance: not one word of regret is his when he learns the truth of the words that the prophet he has hangd told him. The Bastard has wrung money from the church, but even this weakens John, for the church is alienated from him; Lewis is in England and the nobles have joind him: John is helpless; he delivers his crown to Pandulph in absolute submission and receives it back again.[1] It is not now policy for Rome to support the claims of Lewis, and that prince awakes to the fact that he has been a mere tool of the papacy. He refuses to relinquish his cause, and prepares to meet the forces of the Bastard who comes blustering to him about the cowardly John's potency. Fortune goes against France: in the ensuing battle he is worsted; his reinforcements are wreckt on the Goodwins; and his intended treachery towards the English nobles who support him is betrayd by dying Melun. There is nothing for the English nobles now in supporting Lewis; it is danger to be with him and policy to desert him; and so they return to John.

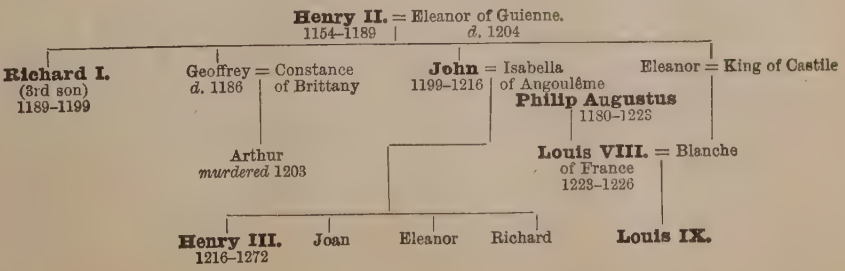
"Thus the play illustrates that foreign intervention is always for selfish ends, that nobility lies in subjecting party considerations to national necessities, and that in national union is national safety,—

"Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."'

[1] The Bull of Pope Innocent III., acknowledging John's resignation of England and Ireland to the church, and granting the same to him in fee, on condition of public recognition and oath of fealty at the coronation of each king, may be seen in the British Museum.

GENEALOGICAL TREE

To Illustrate "King John"



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his Son.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne.*
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex.*
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP *the Bastard.*
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER *of Pomfret.*
PHILIP, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *Mother to King John.*
CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Sometimes in ENGLAND and sometimes in FRANCE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning:—'borrowed majesty'!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaséd brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence: Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? Have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys, and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his Bastard Brother*

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;

That is well known : and, as I think, one father :
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother :
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou dost shame
thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it :
That is my brother's plea and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land :
But, once, he slandered me with bastardy.
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee !

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examinéd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak:
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With that half-face would he have all my land,
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it on his death
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
An if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuffed, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-farthings goes,'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place
I 'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 't is dear.—
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
Now blesséd be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.—

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, Sir Richard.'—'God-a-mercy, fellow'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'T is too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now, your traveller,
He and his toothpick, at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pickéd man of countries:—'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,

'I shall beseech you'—that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an absey-book:
'O sir,' says Answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says Question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;—
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;—
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverent boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip? sparrow! James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.—
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork.—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspiréd with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubbed; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaimed Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art the issue of my dear offence
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatchéd force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* Philip, *King of France, and Forces;* Lewis, *the Dauphin,* Constance, Arthur, *and Attendants*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainéd love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walléd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON

K. Phi. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arrived,—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased :
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums heard within.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand
To parley, or to fight : therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard*, PEMBROKE, *and Forces*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfacéd infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,

And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal, Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as slightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.—
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—
King Philip, determine what we shall do, straight.

King Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe 'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be
bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and
earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven and
earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eld'st son's
son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removéd from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done!
Const. I have but this to say,—
That he 's not only plaguéd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removéd issue; plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,

All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviséd scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will: a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tunéd repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls

Cit. Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'T is France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.—

These flags of France that are advancéd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixéd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose laboured spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppresséd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleaséd then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence sealed up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blesséd and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'T is not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harboured in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—[*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an oxhead to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to* LEWIS] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald with trumpets, to the gates

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours that marched hence so silver bright
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removéd by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censuréd:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;

Strength matched with strength and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his Power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on,
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturbed even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazéd thus?
Cry, 'havoc,' kings; back to the stainéd field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates,
Kings of our fear; until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargéd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencéd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [*Aside.*] O prudent discipline! From north to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

I 'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field.

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England. Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blesséd man,
Left to be finishéd by such as she;—
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds, shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast closéd-gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enragéd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death

Out of his rags ! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgelled : not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
'Zounds ! I was never so bethumped with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match.
Give with our niece a dowry large enough ;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea—
Except this city now by us besieged—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never loved myself,

Till now infixéd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. 'Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,'
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quartered in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like
That anything he sees which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;—
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty-thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnised.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she, and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked-for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that;—
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peiséd well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—The Same. The French King's Tent

Enter Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me I do not believe thee, man:

I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting me;
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?—

Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee :
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John ;

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants*

K. Phi. 'T is true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnise this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed.
But on this day, let seamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war,
O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little-valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side;

Been sworn my soldier; bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH

K. Phi. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy Father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him that Great Supremacy,
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man;
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish:
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blesséd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canoniséd, and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, Father,—for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new-untrimméd bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend Father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows they were besmeared and overstained
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenséd kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet;
Play fast and loose with faith, so jest with Heaven;
Make such unconstant children of ourselves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our Mother, breathe her curse,
A Mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chaféd lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven first be to Heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performéd by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act, of purposes mistook,
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorchéd veins of one new-burned.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,—
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn,
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vow, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them ; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast. Will 't not be ?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?
Against the blood that thou hast marriéd ?
What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?
O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven !

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banished majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both; each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assuréd loss, before the match be played.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S *head*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailéd in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the Bastard,* HUBERT *and Lords*

K. John. [*To* ELINOR.] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—[*To* ARTHUR.] Cousin, look not sad;
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. [*To the Bastard.*] Cousin, away for England: haste before;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishéd.—
Give me thy hand.—I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.—
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;—
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy thick,—
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;—

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,—
Then, in despite of brooded-watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.—
But ah, I will not :—yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert, Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy.—I 'll tell thee what, my friend,—
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. The French King's Tent

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants*

K. Phi. So by a roaring tempest on the flood
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort: all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified :
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now, now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestáble bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself!
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Cons. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to Heaven I were,
For then 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canónised, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
'O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him : therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur: and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then, Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots: the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of Nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no customéd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named?—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow tumbled about
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England, go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle

Enter HUBERT *and two Attendants*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1 *Atten.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince—having so great a title
To be more prince—as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me,
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to Heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum,
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,—

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again ;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your grief?'
Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lain still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick-service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleased that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven,—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert :
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I 'll fill these doggéd spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The* KING *takes his State*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,
The faiths of men ne'er stainéd with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgéd at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfiguréd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel : but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased ;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, than lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with : meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument :
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears,—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask, his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?
[HUBERT *whispers the* KING.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed :
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,

What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul play ; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcéd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER *of Pomfret*

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travelled hither through the land
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.

Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

[*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER.]—
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixéd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteléd and ranked in Kent.
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him:
I had a mighty cause to wish him dead,
But thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord!—Why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endearéd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposéd,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act,
The deed which both our tongues held vile to
name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to
the peers,
Throw this report on their incenséd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls*

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !
There 's few or none do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distempered lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestainéd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison.— [*Seeing* ARTHUR.]
What is he lies here?

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damnéd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law!
[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:
By Heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renownéd Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who killed this prince?

Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long-traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here 's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir,—

Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou art damned as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
Doth doggéd war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace

Enter King John, Pandulph *with the crown, and Attendants*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. [*Giving* John *the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French:
And from His Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick

That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field:

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Plain near Saint Edmund's Bury

Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurged faith
To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,

Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confuséd wrong.—
And is 't not pity, O my grievéd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw, and weep,
Upon the spot of this enforcéd cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought

Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears.
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors
Lift up thy brow, renownéd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,

And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this:—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;

And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promiséd
Before I drew this gallant head of war,

And culled these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporise with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed masque, and unadviséd revel,
This unhaired sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealéd wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an arméd Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement!
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And, like an eagle, o'er his aery towers
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into arméd gauntlets change,
Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bas. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand—
Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Field of Battle

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever that hath troubled me so long
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others*

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lord of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnéd flight;
And, like a bated and retiréd flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp

Enter LEWIS *and his Train*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stayed and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here.—What news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,

King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—An Open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, *severally*

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,

Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind Remembrance, thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame! Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then; and what 's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolvéd villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devouréd them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, *and* Bigot

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That being brought into the open air
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them, invisible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a chair*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchéd lips
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannise
On unreprievable-condemnéd blood.

Enter the Bastard

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turnéd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utteréd,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes, all unwarily,
Devouréd by the unexpected flood.

[*The* KING *dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now, a king; now, thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we,

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewéd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 27. **Took it on his death.**—'Took solemn oath on the certainty of death,' the peculiar force of which lay in its utterance by a dying man.

I. i. p. 28. **His, Sir Robert's his, like him.**—I should put a comma between *Sir Robert's* and *his*, and treat the second *his* as a repetition of the first one. But I think the words may stand as they are; the first *his* being for 'his shape,' the second—*Sir Robert's his*—'his shape that belonged to, was got from, Sir Robert.' In this case the second *his* differs somewhat in meaning from the *his* followed by a comma, as that makes it the brother's shape, without reference to Sir Robert.—F. J. F.

I. i. p. 28. **Three-farthings.**—Little thin silver pieces of this value were coined by Elizabeth from 1561–1582, with the queen's head in profile on one side and the emblematic rose of England behind her ear. It was a Court fashion thus to wear a rose.

I. i. p. 29. **You sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.**—*Cf.* p. 26, where his face is valued at a '*half-faced groat*,' that is, fourpence.

I. i. p. 29. **In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.**—Both phrases were proverbially used to indicate illegitimate children. (*See* V. ii. p. 130.)

I. i. p. 30. **Thou wast got i' the way of honesty.**—"Bastards are born lucky," the old proverb said; and one of the lucky ones is here wishing the newly-created knight the 'good fortune' which his legitimate birth does not naturally confer upon him.

I. i. p. 30. **'Tis too respective, and too sociable for your conversion.**—'The remembrance of men's names

is a sign of too much respect and familiarity now that you are elevated to superior rank.'

I. i. p. 32. **Philip ? sparrow !**—The name Philip was applied to the sparrow from association with the 'chirrup' of the bird's note.

> "When Philip lyst to go to bed,
> It is a heaven to heare my Phippe,
> How she can chirpe with chery lip."
>
> Gascoigne, *Praise of Philip Sparrow.*—(*Nares.*)

(*Cf.* Skelton's poem, '*Boke of Phyllip Sparrowe.*')

I. i. p. 33. **Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.**—An allusion to the play *Soliman and Perseda* (1599), in which Piston, the jester, compels the bragging knight Basilisco to swear himself a *knave:*

> "*Bas.* I swear, I swear . . .
> *Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco.
> *Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
> Knight, good fellow, knight,
> Knight,—
> *Pist.* Knave, good fellow, knave,
> Knave."

I. i. p. 34. **The aweless lion, &c.**—An allusion to the following legend told in the old chronicles and ballads. The Duke of Austria, in revenge for the death of his son, exposed Richard to the fury of a lion. The English king slew the beast, tearing out its heart, and thus gained the name of Cœur-de-Lion.

II. i. p. 35. **Great forerunner of thy blood.**—Predecessor by right of blood to the throne which is now your due.

II. i. p. 35. **By this brave duke.**—*The Troublesome Reign,* of which *King John* is a re-cast, is the source of most of the chronological errors of the play. The 'brave duke' here referred to is the Archduke Leopold of Austria, who imprisoned Richard in 1193. The Duke died in 1195, and Richard was killed by an arrow while besieging Chaluz, the castle of Widomar, Viscount of Limoges.

II. i. p. 36. **Still secure and confident from foreign purposes.**—Ever remaining free from dread of invasion.

II. i. p. 37. **To cull the plots of best advantages.**—To select the most advantageous positions.

II. i. p. 38. **Lady Blanch of Spain.**—The daughter of Alphonso VIII., King of Castile, and John's sister Eleanor,—*grand-daughter*, therefore, of Queen Elinor.

II. i. p. 38. **Of the king's deceased.**—Of the deceased king's.

II. i. p. 39. **Outfaced infant state.**—Insolently overridden the royal prerogatives of a child.

II. i. p. 40. **This is Geffrey's.**—This boy is Geffrey's son (implying that he is therefore the inheritor of Geffrey's 'right'—England).

II. i. p. 41. **Your hide.**—The lion's skin, which, according to romance, was worn by Richard until his death at the hands of the Duke of Austria, who retained the skin as a trophy.

II. i. p. 41. **The hare of whom the proverb goes.**—A familiar proverb from Erasmus's Latin *Adagia*, '*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant*,' 'The lion being dead the hares insult him'; or in the freer translation given in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, 'Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'

II. i. p. 41. **Great Alcides' shows**—*i.e.* the skin of the Nemean lion worn by Hercules.

II. i. p. 42. **It.**—Constance is mimicking the language of the nursery. '*It*,' however, was the archaic form of the possessive.

II. i. p. 43. **The canon of the law**—*i.e.* "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children" (Exodus xx. 5).

II. i. p. 43. **Plagued for her and with her plague; her sin his injury, &c.**—Punished for her and by her. Her sin both inflicts injury on him, and is the executioner of the punishment incurred by her 'now injurious deeds,' which are 'all punished in the person of this child.' The punctuation in the text was first proposed by Mr. Roby

for the Folio reading: '*with her plague, her sin; his injury her injury*, etc.

II. i. p. 45. **To make a faithless error in your ears.**—To beguile you into a breach of honour.

II. i. p. 48. **Saint George . . . mine hostess' door.**—'Saint George and the Dragon' was a common ale-house sign.

II. ii. p. 53. **Mutines of Jerusalem.**—The two factions in Jerusalem, led by John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, who combined to resist the Roman attack under Titus.

II. ii. p. 62. **The bias of the world.**—That which draws men from a true course of life. Technically, '*bias*' = a weight let into a bowl to make it swerve in a given direction. In '*Cupid's Whirligig*,' 1607, occurs a couplet that serves to illustrate the text:

> "Oh, the world is lyke a byas bowle, and it runs
> All on rich men's sides."

II. ii. p. 62. **The outward eye.**—The aperture on one side of the bowl containing the weight, or bias, technically termed the '*eye*.'

III. i. p. 71. **Room . . . . Rome.**—A quibble, the words being pronounced alike—'room.'

III. i. p. 75. **Champion of our Church.**—The official title of the King of France was 'Eldest Son of the Church.'

III. i. p. 76. **When it is truly done, &c.**—*i.e.* When it is not done, since to refrain from doing it is the only course consistent with truth.

III. i. p. 76. **By what thou swear'st, &c.**—By swearing to that which is contrary to your regal oath. '*Swar'st*' (= '*swor'st*') is probably a correct emendation for the second '*swear'st*.'

III. i. p. 76. **The truth thou art unsure to swear, &c.**—The oath you take, against your former oath as 'champion of our Church,' is a worthless mockery, since you are already forsworn.

III. ii. p. 80. **Some airy devil.**—Spirit of the air. *Cf.* Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholie :*

"Aeriall spirits or devils, such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones, &c. These can corrupt the aire, and cause plagues, storms, shipwrecks, fires, inundations, &c."

III. ii. p. 80. **Philip.**—The Bastard's old name before he was knighted 'Sir Richard'; used probably in error by Shakspere.

III. iii. p. 81. **Bell, book, and candle.**—The accompaniments of the ritual of excommunication. The sentence was read from a book, after which the three candles were successively extinguished, and the bell tolled.

III. iv. p. 84. **Is not Angiers lost? Arthur ta'en prisoner?**—Historically, these two events were separated by four years. Arthur was taken prisoner at Mirabeau in 1202; Angiers was 'lost' to Philip, and won by John, in 1206.

III. iv. p. 88. **You hold too heinous a respect of grief.**—'You regard grief too much as utterly evil.'

IV. ii. p. 101. **More, more strong, than lesser is my fear.**—The further reasons, and stronger ones, I bring forward, indicate the measure of my relief, not any further fear.

IV. ii. p. 102. **To grace occasions.**—To give plausibility to their complaints.

IV. ii. p. 102. **Whereupon our weal, &c.**—We plead for his liberty only so far as the commonwealth counts it your advantage. '*Our weal on you depending*' = the commonwealth.

V. ii. p. 105. **The first of April, died your noble mother . . . . the Lady Constance . . . . three days before.**—The historical dates of the two deaths were July, 1204, and August, 1201.

V. ii. p. 124. **This**—*i.e.* the compact with the English lords.

V. ii. p. 126. **An angel spake.**—Probably quibbling on the coin of that name, with allusion to 'nobles' and 'purse' above; but meaning that the words just spoken are proved to be of angelic origin by the timely arrival of 'the holy Legate,' bringing 'warrant from the hand of Heaven.'

V. ii. p. 128. **Banked.**—The parallel passage in *The Troublesome Reign* refers specifically to Lewis's voyage up the Thames:

> "From the hollow holes of Thamesis
> Eccho apace *replide Vive la Roy.*"

V. ii. p. 130. **Your nation's crow.**—The crowing cock as the emblem of France, with allusion to the more common meaning of '*crow*' = chatterer.

V. iv. p. 134. **A form of wax.**—Alluding to an ancient practice in witchcraft. A waxen image of the intended victim was made, and slowly melted before a fire, to the accompaniment of incantations; the man's life ebbed with the dissolution of the figure, and ended with its complete destruction. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised against King Duff (*cf. Macbeth*, I. iii. p. 25), says a witch was found roasting an image of wax resembling the king's person upon a wooden broach; and "as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat; and as for the wordes of the enchantment, they served to keep him still waking from sleepe."

GLOSSARY

'A: he. I. i. p. 25.
About: irregular, out of order. I. i. p. 29.
Absey-book: A B C book; an old name for an elementary primer, or catechism. I. i. p. 31.
Abstract: epitome. II. i. p. 39.
Adjunct: consequent. III. iii. p. 83.
Advanced: lifted. II. i. p. 45.
Advantage: interest. III. iii. p. 81; "upon ——," seizing a favourable opportunity. V. vii. p. 143.
Advice: judgment, discretion. III. iv. p. 85.
Advised: "be well ——," reflect more fully. III. i. p. 63.
Affecteth: resembles. I. i. p. 26.
Affied: betrothed. II. ii. p. 60.
Affliction: afflicted one. III. iv. p. 86.
Amazed: bewildered, confounded. IV. ii. p. 106
Anatomy: skeleton. III. iv. p. 86.
Angel: a gold coin worth about ten shillings. II. ii. p. 62; III. iii. p. 81.
Anglers: Angers, the capital of Anjou. II. i. p. 35.
An: if. I. i. p. 28.
Answer: meet, face. V. vii. p. 142.
Answered: atoned. IV. ii. p. 103.
Apparent: evident. IV. ii. p. 103.
Armado: Spanish, *armada* = a fleet. III. iv. p. 84.
Arms: "in ——," by embraces. III. i. pp. 67, 68; coat of arms. IV. iii. p. 114.
Arras: tapestry, embroidered wall-hangings. IV. i. p. 92.
Articles: items specified in writing. II. i. p. 40.
Artificer: artisan. IV. ii. p. 109.
At: by. V. ii. p. 127.
Até: the goddess of mischief and discord. II. i. p. 38.
Aweless: fearless. I. i. p. 34. (*See* Notes.)
Banked: sailed past. V. ii. p. 128. (*See* Notes.)
Basilisco-like: (*See* Notes.) I. i. p. 33.
Bastinado: a cudgelling, a sound beating. II. ii. p. 57.
Bated: abated. V. iv. p. 135.
Battles: opposing armies. IV. ii. p. 103.
Become: grace, adorn. V. i. p. 122.
Bedlam: lunatic. II. i. p. 43.
Beguiled: cheated. III. i. p. 67.
Behalf: "in right and true ——," on behalf of the just claim. I. i. p. 22.
Behaviour: 'the tone and character which I here assume.' I. i. p. 22.
Beholding: beholden, indebted. I. i. p. 33.
Beldams: old, witch-like women. IV. ii. p. 108.
Bequeath: transfer. V. vii. p. 144.
Blanch: niece of John. II. i. p. 38 (*see* Notes); II. ii. p. 55.
Blood: "lusty ——," hasty spirit. II. ii. p. 57; "true ——," blood of the rightful heir. III. iv. p. 91.
Boisterous: violently painful. IV. i. p. 97.
Borrowed: counterfeit, false. I. i. p. 22.
Bottoms: ships. II. i. p. 38.

Bought and sold: betrayed, tricked, or duped. V. iv. p. 133.
Brabbler: brawler. V. ii. p. 131.
Brave: defy. V. i. p. 123; bravado. V. ii. p. 130.
Brave respect: valorous, patriotic devotion. V. ii p. 126.
Breathes: pauses for breath. III. ii. p. 80.
Brief: a memorandum of particulars. II. i. p. 39.
Brief in hand: pressing for immediate despatch. IV. iii. p. 120.
Broke with: broached to. IV. ii. p. 110.
Broker: agent, go-between. II. ii. p. 62.
Brooded: having a brood (therefore vigilant like a sitting hen). III. iii. p. 83.
Buss: kiss. III. iv. p. 86.
But: save, except. III. i. p. 67; but that. IV. i. p. 99.
By this light: a mild form of oath. I. i. p. 34.
Calf's skin: a fool's dress. III. i. pp. 69, 72, 73.
Call: a cry used to entice birds to return. An allusion to the bird or pipe call by which birds are decoyed. III. iv. p. 92.
Canker: corroding evil. V. ii. p. 124.
Capable of: susceptible to. II. ii. p. 57; III. i. p. 64.
Censuréd: judged. III. ii. p. 50.
Chaféd: enraged. III. i. p. 75.
Chaps: jaws. II. i. p. 52.
Chatillon: (four syllables). I. i. p. 23.
Check: control, "a queen and —— the world," an allusion to the queen at chess. II. i. p. 40.
Christendom: baptism into the Christian faith. IV. i. p. 93.
Churlish: rough. II. i. p. 38; mean, niggardly. II. ii. p. 59.
Cincture: a girdle or belt. IV. iii. p. 119.
Circumstance: detail. II. i. p. 38.
Clap up: join hands to ratify a compact. III. i. p. 74.
Clearly: completely. V. v. p. 136.
Climate: the region of the sky. II. ii. p. 51.
Clippeth about: embraces. V. ii. p. 125.
Close: reserved, secret. IV. ii. p. 102.
Closely: secretly, privately. IV. i. p. 99.
Closet: private apartment. IV. ii. p. 112.
Clouts: "babe of ——," a ragdoll. III. iv. p. 87.
Clutch: shut close. II. ii. p. 62.
Cockered: pampered. V. i. p. 123.
Coil: ado, turmoil, disturbance. II. i. p. 42.
Colbrand the giant: a Danish giant who was vanquished by Guy, Earl of Warwick. I. i. p. 32.
Coldly: calmly. II. i. p. 37.
Commodity: self-interest. II. ii. p. 62.
Companies: company. IV. ii. p. 107.
Composition: compact. II. i. p. 61.
Compulsion: enforced cause. V. ii. p. 126.
Conceit: intelligence, imagination. III. iii. p. 83.
Concludes: proves decisively. I. i. p. 27.
Condition: quality. III. ii. p. 79.
Conduct: escort. I. i. p. 23.
Confounded: destroyed. V. vii. p. 142.
Conjure: solemnly enjoin. IV. ii. p. 112.
Contemned: despised. V. ii. p. 124.
Control: constraint. I. i. p. 22.
Controlment: compulsion. I. i p. 22.
Conversion: altered rank. I. i. p. 30.
Convertite: convert. V. i. p 121.

Convicted: beaten. III. iv. p. 84.
Coops: shuts up. II. i. p. 36.
Corruptibly: so as to cause corruption. V. vii. p. 139.
Cousin: a kinsman. III. i. p. 79.
Covetousness: eagerness. IV. ii. p. 100.
Cracker: braggart. II. i. p. 41.
Create: created. IV. i. p. 98.
Crossed: thwarted. III. i. p. 67.
Cull: select, choose out. II. i. p. 37. (*See* Notes.)
Dead news: tidings of death. V. vii. p. 143.
Deafs: deafens. II. i. p. 41.
Dealt: acted. V. ii. p. 129.
Dear: grievous. I. i. p. 33.
Defy: reject, renounce. III. iv. p. 85.
Departed: parted. II. ii. p. 61.
Device: cut and adornment of the dress. I. i. p. 31.
Dim: without colour. III. iv. p. 88.
Direct: lawful, righteous. III. i. p. 76.
Disallow of: refuse. I. i. p. 22.
Dishabited: displaced, dislodged. II. i. p. 45.
Dispiteous: pitiless. IV. i. p. 94.
Distempered: disordered, ruffled. III. iv. p. 91; angry. IV. iii. p. 113.
Doff: take off, put off. III. i. p. 69.
Doggéd: cruel. IV. i. p. 99; IV. iii. p. 119.
Doubt: fear. IV. i. p. 93.
Doubtless and secure: free from fear, and with confidence. IV. i. p. 99.
Drew: levied. V. ii. p. 128.
Drift: shower. II. ii. p. 55.
Duke: "this brave ——," Archduke Leopold of Austria. II. i. p. 35. (*See* Notes.)
Dunghill: a term of contempt for one meanly born (hence a 'dunghill cur'). IV. iii. p. 116.
Dust: "a ——," an atom of dust. IV. i. p. 97.
Embassy: commission as envoy. I. i. p. 22.
Embatteléd: in battle array. IV. ii. p. 109.
Enfranchisement: liberation, release. IV. ii. p. 101.
Exercise: education and bodily training. IV. ii. p. 102.
Exhalation: meteor. III. iv. p. 91.
Expedient: expeditious. IV. i. p. 38.
Extremes: cruelty. IV. i. p. 98.
Eyry: "aery an eagle's nest, brood of eagles or hawks. Fr. *aire*, 'an airie or nest of hawkes' (Cotgrave)."—Skeat. Not from *ey*, egg; *eyren*, eggs. V. ii. p. 130.
Fair fall: good fortune befall. I. i. p. 25.
Fair-play orders: instructions for friendly intercourse to be extended to our enemies. V. i. p. 123.
Fantasied: full of fancies. IV. ii. p. 106.
Fashioned: new. IV. ii. p. 100.
Fast and loose: a cheating game. III. i. p. 74.
Favour: aspect. V. iv. p. 135.
Feature: general personal appearance. IV. ii. p. 112.
Fell: fierce, cruel, barbarous. III. iv. p. 86.
Fence: "teach us some ——," make us skilful in fencing. II. i. p. 48.
Fetch about: veer round. IV. ii. p. 100.
Flesh: make eager for war. V i. p. 123.
Fleshly land: this body. IV. iii. p. 111.
Flood: ocean. III. iv. p. 84.
Footing: "upon the —— of our land," upon our own soil. V. i. p. 123.
Forage: ranging forth in search of prey. V. i. p. 123.
Forego: renounce, give up. III. i. p. 72.

Form: head-dress. III. iv. p. 86.
Forwearied: tired out. II. i. p. 46.
France: the King of France. I. i. p. 21.
From: away from. I. i. p. 29; IV. iii. p. 119.
Fulness of perfection: an allusion to the belief that marriage perfected man and woman. II. ii. p. 56.
Fulsome: disgusting. III. iv. p. 86.
Gall: hurt. IV. iii. p. 117.
Gawds: toys, fulsome ornaments. III. iii. p. 82.
Gilt: reddened. II. ii. p. 50.
Give off: take off. V. i. p. 25.
Good den: a corruption of 'good e'en,' 'good evening.' I. i. p. 30.
Goods: good, advantage. IV. ii. p. 102.
Gracious: beautiful. III. iv. p. 88.
Greens: meadows. II. i. p. 46.
Guard: ornament. IV. ii. p. 100.
Half-faced groat: a silver groat (first issued by Henry VII.) stamped with the king's profile. I. i. p. 26.
Harnessed: dressed in armour. V. ii. p. 129
Hatch: "take the ——," leap over the half-door or hatch. (A phrase applied to illegitimate children. *See* Note to I. i. p. 29.) V. ii. p. 130.
Head of war: armed force. V. ii. p. 128.
Heat: heated. IV. i. p. 95.
Hence: hereafter. V. iv. p. 134.
High tides: Church festivals. III. i. p. 67.
Holds hand with: is a match for. II. i. p. 58.
Holp: an old form of 'helped.' I. i. p. 33.
Humourous: capricious. III. i. p. 68.
Humours: "unsettled ——," restless spirits. II. i. p. 38; whims. IV. ii. p. 109.
Hurly: hurly-burly, confusion, uproar. III. iv. p. 91.
Idle: wandering. V. vii. p. 140.
Idly: by chance. IV. ii. p. 105.
Impeach: accuse. II. i. p. 40.
Importance: urgent request, importunity. II. i. p. 35.
Indifferency: impartiality. II. ii. p. 62.
Indigest: confusion, chaos. V. vii. p. 141.
Indirect: against the law. III. i. p. 76.
Indirection: dishonest actions. III. i. p. 76.
Indirectly: wrongfully. II. i. p. 37.
Industrious: busy, zealous. II. ii. p. 53.
Infer: prove. III. i. p. 73.
Intends: makes for. V. iv. p. 135.
Interest to: interest in, claim to. V. ii. p. 127.
Interrogatories: questions to be answered on oath. III. i. p. 70
Jades: formerly applied to males as well as females. II. ii. p. 53
Joan: a general name for a peasant girl or rustic. I. i. p. 30.
Keep good quarter: guard your posts carefully. V. v. p. 137.
Large: full-grown form. II. i. p. 39.
Liable: subject. II. ii. p. 58; allied. V. ii. p. 128.
Lightning: "as ——," as swift as lightning. I. i. p. 23.
Limoges: the name of the Archduke of Austria. III. i. p. 68.
Line: thicken. IV. iii. p. 113.
Make up: hasten on. III. ii. p. 80.
Makes nice of: scruples to avail himself. III. iv. p. 90.
Manage: administration. I. i. p. 23.
Man of countries: traveller. I. i. p. 30.
Matter: fuel. V. ii. p. 127.
Measures: musical accompaniment to a dance. III. i. p. 77.

Mistempered: ill-tempered. V. i. p. 120.
Modern: ordinary, commonplace. III. iv. p. 86.
Module: mould, image. V. vii. p. 142.
More: greater. II. i. p. 36.
Motion: mental activity, impulse. I. i. p. 31; prompting. IV. ii. p. 111.
Mousing: tearing in pieces. II. ii. p. 52.
Munition: war materials. V. ii. p. 128.
Muse: wonder. III. i. p. 78.
Mutines: mutineers. II. ii. p. 53.
Needs: needles. V. ii. p. 130.
New: recently. III. i. p. 74.
Nob: abbreviation of 'Robert.' I. i. p. 28.
No had: had I not. IV. ii. p. 109.
Observation: courtly deference. I. i. p. 31.
Occasion: necessity. II. i. p. 38; course of events. IV. ii. p. 105.
Of: from. III. iv. p. 86.
Offend: harm. IV. i. p. 99.
Opposite: adverse, contrary. III. i. p. 75.
Oppression: injury. III. i. p. 68.
Order: arrangement, compact. V. ii. p. 124.
Outlook: face-down, out-face. V. ii. p. 129.
Owe: own. II. i. p. 40.
Painted: artificial, counterfeit, feigned. III. i. p. 68.
Parle: parley. II. i. p. 44.
Pass: neglect, refuse. II. i. p. 47.
Passionate: full of emotion. II. i. p. 60.
Pawns: pledges. V. ii. p. 130.
Peering o'er: overpeering, overflowing. III. i. p. 64.
Peevish: wayward, wilful. II. ii. p. 54.
Peisèd: poised, balanced. II. ii. p. 62.
Pencil: a small paint-brush. III. i. p. 74.
Pickèd: over-particular. I. i. p. 30.
Plague: torment. III. iv. p. 87.
Plots: positions. II. i. p. 37.
Possess'd with: having knowledge of. IV. ii. p. 101.
Potents: powers, potentates. II. ii. p. 52.
Practice: plot. IV. iii. p. 115.
Practises: plots, devises. IV. i. p. 93.
Precedent: original copy, or rough draft. V. ii. p. 124.
Presence: "of thy ——," merely of thy handsome person. I. i. p. 28.
Princes: lords. V. vii. p. 144.
Private: private communication. IV. iii. p. 113.
Prodigious: monstrous. III. i. p. 65.
Prodigiously: monstrously, by producing monsters. III. i. p. 67.
Profound respects: grave considerations. III. i. p. 78.
Progress: flow, course. V. ii. p. 126.
Proper: comely. I. i. p. 33.
Propertied: made a tool of. V. ii. p. 127.
Provoke: incite, instigate. IV. ii. p. 109.
Puissance: armed force, power. III. i. p. 79.
Pure: clear. V. vii. p. 139.
Purpled hands: hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen. II. ii. p. 50.
Purpose: intention. V. i. p. 123.
Put o'er: refer. I. i. p. 25.
Pyrenean: the Pyrenees. I. i. p. 31.
Quantity: a modicum. V. iv. p. 134.
Quarter: "keep good ——," guard your posts well. V. v. p. 137.
Quoted: noted, observed. IV. ii. p. 110.
Rage: rave. V. vii. p. 140.
Ramping: 'rampant' = rearing (an heraldic term). III. i. p. 68.
Rankness: overflowing. V. iv. p. 135.

Rated: assessed, duly reckoned. V. iv. p. 134.
Reason: discourse. IV. iii. p. 114.
Regreet: greeting. III. i. p. 74.
Remembers: reminds. III. iv. p. 88.
Remorse: compassion. II. ii. p. 57.
Resolveth: dissolveth. V. iv. p. 134.
Respect: "advised ——," deliberate consideration. IV. ii. p. 109.
Respective: showing respect, considerate. I. i. p. 30.
Rest: "in ——," in undisturbed possession. IV. ii. p. 102.
Retire: retreat. V. iii. p. 132.
Revolts: rebels. V. iv. p. 133.
Rheum: moisture, tears. III. i. p. 64.
Ribs: walls. II. i. p. 53.
Rounded: whispered. II. ii. p. 61.
Roundure: compass. II. i. p. 47.
Rub: obstacle. III. iv. p. 90.
Rumour: tumult. V. iv. p. 135.
Safety: safe custody. IV. ii. p. 107.
Scamble: scramble. IV. iii. p. 119.
Scath: harm, damage. II. i. p. 38.
Scope of nature: natural phenomenon. III. iv. p. 91.
Scroyles: scabby wretches. II. ii. p. 53.
Set: a game at cards or tennis. V. ii. p. 128; close. V. vii. p. 142.
Set forward: set forth. IV. iii. p. 113.
Shadow: reflection, image. II. ii. p. 58.
Sick-service: service in sickness. IV. i. p. 95.
Sightless: unsightly. III. i. p. 65.
Skin-coat: lion's skin. II. i. p. 41.
Smoke: thrash. II. i. p. 41.
So: if only. IV. i. p. 93.
Sooth'st up: flatterest; *up* is used intensively, for 'to the top of its bent.' III. i. p. 68.
Soul: "love of ——," heartfelt love. V. i. p. 120.
Soul-fearing: soul-terrifying. II. ii. p. 53.
Sound: declare. IV. ii. p. 101.
Souse: swoop on (a term in falconry). V. ii. p. 130.
Sped: succeeded. IV. ii. p. 106.
Spleen: violence. II. ii. p. 56; passion. IV. iii. p. 117.
Spot: stain. V. ii. p. 125.
Spriteful: high-spirited. IV. ii. p. 108.
Staff: lance. II. ii. p. 50.
State: royal dignity, majesty. IV. ii. p. 113, &c.
States: rulers. II. ii. p. 54.
Stay: powerful hindrance. II. ii. p. 56.
Stifle up: 'up' gives a sense of thoroughness and completeness. IV. iii. p. 118.
Still: constantly, continually. V. vii. p. 140.
Still and anon: now and again. IV. i. p. 95.
Strait: parsimonious. V. vii. p. 142.
Strew the footsteps: secure my footsteps (alluding to the strewing of rushes before a royal procession). I. i. p. 31.
Stumbling night: night which causes stumbling. V. v. p. 137.
Subjected tribute: tribute paid. I. i. p. 34.
Suggestions: temptations. III. i. p. 76.
Sullen: gloomy. I. i. p. 23.
Suspire: draw his first breath. III. iv. p. 88.
Swan who chants: in allusion to the belief that a swan, when dying, utters a musical sound of lamentation. V. vii. p. 140.
Swinged: thrashed. II. i. p. 48. (*See* Notes.)
Swinstead: Swinestead, Lincolnshire. V. iii. p. 132.

Table: the surface on which a picture is painted. II. ii. p. 59.
Take: make. III. i. p. 64.
Tarre: urge, incite. IV. i. p. 98.
Task: command, force. III. i. p. 70.
Taste: taste each dish before it was passed to his master, as a precaution against poison. V. vi. p. 138.
Tattering: torn, flying in tatters. V. v. p. 136.
Temporise: come to terms. V. ii. p. 129.
Territories: feudal dependencies. I. i. p. 22.
That anything: whatever thing. II. ii. p. 59.
Three-farthings: silver pieces of this value, coined by Queen Elizabeth. I. i. p. 28.
Tickling: cajoling or flattering. II. ii. p. 62.
Time: emergency. V. vi. p. 138.
Time's enemies: those opposed to the present *régime*. IV. ii. p. 102.
Tithe: take a tithe. III. i. p. 70.
To: in addition. I. i. p. 28.
Toasting-iron: a sword (used contemptuously). IV. iii. p. 117.
Toll: tax. III. i. p. 70.
Tongue: in allusion to the erroneous belief that the venom is secreted in the serpent's tongue. III. i. p. 75.
Took it on his death: swore solemnly. I. i. p. 27.
Tottering: tattered. V. v. p. 136.
Touched and tried: tested by application of the touchstone. III. i. p. 67.
Towers: circles (in allusion to the eagle's flight). V. ii. p. 130.
Toys: idle rumours. I. i. p. 32.
Traded: practised. IV. iii. p. 117.
Train: allure. III. iv. p. 92.
Trick: look. I. i. p. 26.
True: "my —— defence," my defence of my honesty. IV. iii. p. 116.
Unadvised: rashly. II. i. p. 37.
Unconstant: fickle. III. i. p 74.
Underbear: endure. III. i. p. 66.
Underwrought: undermined. II. i. p. 39.
Unhaired: beardless. V. ii. p. 129.
Unowed: unowned, without an owner. IV. iii. p. 119.
Unreverent: disrespectful, rude. I. i. p. 32.
Unsured: insecure. II. i. p. 57.
Unthread the rude eye: retrace the hazardous road. V. iv. p. 133.
Untrimméd: disarrayed, probably 'with her hair hanging loose.' III. i. p. 73.
Upon commodity: from motives of self-interest. II. ii. p. 63.
Volquessen: Vexin, the district round Rouen. II. ii. p. 60.
Voluntaries: volunteers. II. i. p. 38.
Wall-eyed: with glaring, discoloured eye. IV. iii. p. 114.
Want: lack. IV. i. p. 97.
Want pleading: be insufficient to plead. IV. i. p. 97.
Wanton: one reared in luxury. V. i. p. 123.
Wantonness: sportiveness. IV. i. p. 93.
Warned: summoned. II. i. p. 44.
Watchful minutes to the hour: at regular intervals. IV. i. p. 95.
Well: confidently. V. i. p. 124.
Whet on: incite. III. iv. p. 92.
White-faced shore: Albion. II. i. p. 36.
Winking: hastily closed. II. i p. 45.
With: by. II. ii. p. 62; III. iv p. 90.
'Zounds: 'By God's wounds,' an oath. II. ii. p. 57.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY

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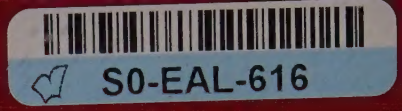
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